WAR PRISONERS ARE WELL CARED FOR IN ENGLAND

Edward B. Clark Makes an Inspection of the Camp at Dorchester.

GERMANS GIVEN GOOD FOOD

Are Taken For Long Walks and Allowed to Play Games to Keep In Condition—London Is Hourly Expecting an Attack from "on High."

By EDWARD B. CLARK.
(Staff Correspondent Western Newspaper Union.)

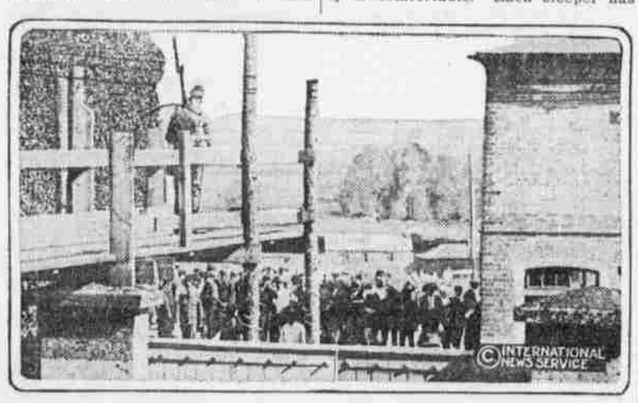
London, England.—For the first time since the war began up to the hour of this writing, England has been visited on two consecutive days, or rather nights, by hostile aircraft, which dropped bombs without doing very much damage. At this hour London fully is expecting an attack from what one without irreverence may call "on high."


Edward B. Clark.

It may be that by the day that this appears the expected attack will have taken place, but the one thing remains certain, that with expectation strong that something is going to drop on it, London continues to be the phlegmatic city that it always has been.

On the day that the bombs were dropped on two villages called Faversham and Sittingbourne, I came into London from a visit to a town near the coast and as I learned afterward I was not far ahead of the aeroplanes which did the shell dropping. From a personal point of view perhaps it were better to be ahead of the aeroplane, but from a reporter's point of view perhaps it was not unlucky! Nevertheless in the talk of the thing and in the preparations made by London for the coming of flying visitors, there was interest enough to keep the newspaper pulse throbbing.

It is taken for granted, of course, that courage is the same in all civilized countries, but it does seem as if the sort of cool indifference of the Englishman to the possibilities or probabilities of overhead attack is a peculiarly British characteristic. The Londoner, from the man who sells cat's meat to the man who lives in the palace, doesn't seem to care a rap whether hell in hail form is to drop down from the heavens or not. After he gets a taste of it it may be different, but thus far there is only a curiosity in the matter which virtually seems to take on the nature of a curious desire to see what will happen when it does happen. The American boy on the Fourth of July likes to hold a firecracker in his fingers to see if it will hurt when it explodes. This seems to be the attitude of the Londoner in the present case when a Taube or a Zeppelin may come zigzagging out of the horizon line at any minute, day or night.



German Concentration Camp at Dorchester.

Dorchester Prison Camp.

Down at a place called Dorchester, from which a thriving suburb of the city of Boston, Mass., takes its name, there is a camp where German prisoners of war are confined. I have been allowed to visit this camp, and the tour of inspection was most interesting, although it is never a humanly pleasant thing to look on prisoners, whether they be Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen or captives of whatever nation. The thing was interesting because, while in the main the place and its environs were peaceful, they nevertheless presented a picture of war's conditions. I was not told definitely just how many prisoners there were at Dorchester, but I was allowed to make an estimate and to use it. I think there are about 2,200 Germans in the compound.

These men of Wilhelm's armies are not having a very hard time of it. I want to say that nobody at the camp, men in authority or prisoners, knew that a newspaper man visitor was to drop in to the place. I went there and found something very much like astonishment that a superior officer authority had given me permission to go to the camp, to look it over, and to write about it. This made me certain that no preparations for my visit had been made, and that I saw the captives in their normal state of treatment and imprisonment.

The Germans at Dorchester were all captured during or just after battles. Every man there had been doing his best for the Fatherland on the fighting line. Some of them had been badly wounded, but had been kept in hospitals until complete, or nearly complete recovery, before being sent to the prison camp proper. One young fellow, just or a little more than of age, had been badly wounded in the side at the battle of Soissons, or perhaps it were better to say at one of the many battles near Soissons, because back and forth about the place the armies had been struggling for a long time. This soldier youth was a student. He wore big spectacles, almost the size of motor car goggles. He spoke English, which he told me he had learned at school, having never been in an English-speaking country in his life. If the American boy learns as good German in an American school as the English that soldier learned in a German school, our modern language teachers know their business.

Are Well Cared For.

This boy spoke French also. Perhaps, in the present state of affairs he, as a German, is not particularly proud of his English and French-speaking accomplishments, but he knows the, to him, alien languages well. His English is almost without a trace of what we call foreign accent, and I suppose his French may be likewise, although I am not qualified to judge. This boy told me of his prison life, and said he had good food, a good bed and was comfortable, but with good food and a good bed he nevertheless was a prisoner. I thought on this as I talked to him, wondering all the while whether he, after all, would not prefer the battle and its dangers to the prison life, its semicomforts and its safety.

Much has been written about the uniform of the German armies, how its color makes it actually vanish when viewed at a little distance. Nearly all of the prisoners at Dorchester were still garbed in their field coats and trousers, and some of them still had their service caps. I saw many of these men at a distance of nearly two hundred yards, but I did not see them clearly, because with their caps drawn down over their eyes, thus making them virtually one color from toe to top, they melted into the surroundings so that they became part of them and were with the utmost difficulty picked out by the eye of the observer.

The prisoners at Dorchester live either in brick buildings which have stood for a good many years, or in frame structures recently erected for their accommodation. They sleep on the floor or at least upon boards removed from the floor by only a few inches. On these boards, however, is laid a thick mattress which seemingly is comfortable. Each sleeper has three blankets with which to keep himself warm.

The food which the English give the Germans at Dorchester, and the camp there is said to be a typical one, is not the food of a Michigan boulevard or Fifth avenue hotel, but those who must eat it say that it is good and that there is enough of it. I proved to my own satisfaction that the captives really were satisfied with their food and were not simply telling me so because a British army officer was present while I was talking to him. I had sense enough to know that no prisoner would care to complain of his food while one of the authoritative ones was present, and so I wanted to make it certain, as far as I could, whether or not the prisoners had just cause to complain, but yet either did not care to or dare to do it.

May Buy Little Comforts.

Every prisoner at Dorchester is allowed to receive money from friends to be used to purchase such permitted things as will add to his comfort. There is a store within the prison, canteen they call it, at which the captives may make purchases. I went to that store and watched prisoner after prisoner as he came to buy. Solid food was on sale there, and many tempting articles of food of the lighter kind as well. I reasoned that if the men were dissatisfied with the food that was issued to them, or that if it was not nutritious, they would spend their money on food which they felt they needed to keep up their strength, and perhaps their hearts.

With the exception of fruit, no prisoner made a purchase of food. Fine bacon, fine canned soups and canned food of various kinds went without a purchaser. The prisoners bought cigarettes and tobacco, oranges and bananas, and other things, but the solid foods stayed on the sales counter. The man in charge told me that there was virtually no demand for the substantials.

The captives at Dorchester have a recreation field three or four acres in extent, and there they play all sorts of games. They do ordinary work around the camp and, in addition to the exercise from game and work, they are taken out in big squads for tramps through the country outlying the camp, of course being constantly under guard.

Those of the prisoners with whom I talked individually proved to be most interesting men. One of them up to the time of the outbreak of the war had been a professor of languages in a German institution of learning. He knew the classics thoroughly and now while in prison he was striving hard to add English to his lingual accomplishments.

With one exception there was no prisoner in camp under the age of eighteen years. The exception was a boy of sixteen, who had been picked up from the water after a naval engagement. It was the intention of the authorities to send him, in a day or two, to another camp where other young naval apprentices are confined.

Are Closely Guarded.

All about the camp at Dorchester, including of course the recreation ground, there runs a double line of barbed wire entanglements. Back of these for a large part of the inclosure there is a high wall. On a platform back of this wall the guards walk with fixed bayonet and loaded rifle. Escape seems well-nigh impossible Yet it is true that recently two prisoners, both officers, escaped from another prison, presumably just as well guarded as is this one, and they were not recaptured until they had wandered about the country for nearly a week.

In the camp at Dorchester there are several members of the Prussian guard. They are huge men and of a wonderful physique. The rest of the prisoners are just about like the average of other nationalities in size and build. All of them look like pygmies, however, by the side of the Prussian guard giants. There are no German officers confined at this camp. The enlisted men captives, however, are not entirely from what some people call the lower walks of life. They represent the merchant, the farmer and the professional classes.

These captives hear from home under certain restrictions. The American embassy has taken over the affairs of Germany, and it is America today as represented in England, which has in its care in a way these German prisoners of war. Of course, it must not be understood that America says that this must be done or that must be done, but it makes representations on behalf of the German government, when so requested, and it looks after matters pertaining to the communication which is kept up between the prisoners and their kinsfolk, and also to the transmission under regulation of money from father and mother or sister and brother in the Fatherland to the member of the family fold who is a prisoner in an alien land.

The prisoners at Dorchester showed an interest, and rather a keen one, when it was known that an American was to visit them and wished to talk to them about their welfare. The reason for this in large part was as I found somewhat to my astonishment, that as near as could be determined, not one of the many captives at Dorchester ever had visited the United States. An American was a curiosity. I thought it was possible that I could find among them all some man who would like to send a message to a friend whom he had known in the United States, but not one of them ever had crossed the water to visit the land where so many of their countrymen have found a home.

VOTES 53 YEARS, NOT CITIZEN

Veteran of the Civil War Has Just Discovered He Is Still an Alien.

Los Angeles, Cal.—John Kirby, born in England, veteran of the Civil war, and a voter at every presidential election since the close of the war, has just discovered that he is still an alien.

Kirby, now seventy-three, took the oath of allegiance when he joined the army and assumed that that oath made him an American citizen.

While proving up on a homestead in the United States land office he was asked to show his naturalization papers. He had none. After fifty-three years of practical citizenship, he said he would try again legally to become an American.

ANTS MAKE HOUSES UNSAFE

Stability of a Kansas College Building Is Menaced by Burrowing Termites.

Manhattan, Kan.—The wooden partitions and floors of the administration building of the State Agricultural college here are to be torn out and cement floors and walls substituted. The measure has become necessary on account of the termites, or white ants, which have damaged the woodwork.

The termites, which live on dry vegetable and fiber substances, have proved a pest at the college, and in other places over the state, according to the entomology department of the college. They have damaged other buildings at the college in the past.

NEGRO DIES AT AGE OF 123

Uncle Major Was Sold in His Youth at the New Orleans Market.

Millville, Ga.—Major Johnson, negro, who claimed to be one hundred and twenty-three years old, was found dead in his bed as a result of influenza, which he contracted three weeks ago. According to a memorandum found among his belongings, which is said to be an exact copy of one given to a slave buyer in New Orleans by his original owner, Doctor Johnson, some years before the Civil war, Uncle Major, as he was familiarly known, was born May 5, 1792, in Wayne county, Ga.

About the age of maturity he removed with his master, Doctor Johnson, to South Carolina and remained there until a few years before the war between the states, where he was sold to a slave buyer in New Orleans.

Shortly afterward he was bought for $2,000 by Capt. Daniel Tobin of Hampton, Ark. After a number of years of faithful service he went to Texas, where he remained for some time. Returning to Arkansas in 1895 he came to Millville.

Never Touched Her.

Lazychap—It was the cackling of geese, my dear, that once saved Rome.

Mrs. Lazychap—Well, that doesn't excuse you from going to work instead of sitting around the house cackling all day, under the impression that you are saving this country.

LAND of the BANANA

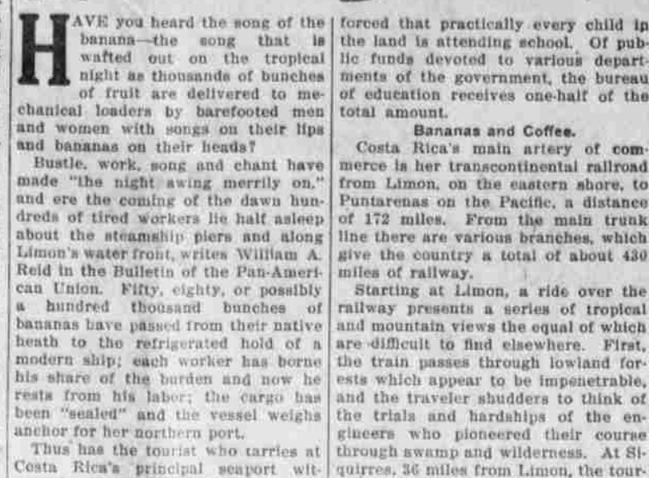
HAVE you heard the song of the banana—the song that is wafted out on the tropical night as thousands of bunches of fruit are delivered to mechanical loaders by barefooted men and women with songs on their lips and bananas on their heads?

Bustle, work, song and chant have made "the night swing merrily on," and ere the coming of the dawn hundreds of tired workers lie half asleep about the steamship piers and along Limon's water front, writes William A. Reid in the Bulletin of the Pan-American Union. Fifty, eighty, or possibly a hundred thousand bunches of bananas have passed from their native heath to the refrigerated hold of a modern ship; each worker has borne his share of the burden and now he rests from his labor; the cargo has been "sealed" and the vessel weighs anchor for her northern port.

Thus has the tourist who tarries at Costa Rica's principal seaport witnessed a busy tropical scene, most picturesqque as well as interesting. Such, however, is only a glimpse of one of the country's industries—an industry that produces 11,000,000 bunches of fruit in a single year, or about half the world's supply. As we journey toward the heart of this wonderland, yet so far from complete development, we shall see something of other crops—of sights that please and instruct the traveler within the country's hospitable boundaries.

What has Costa Rica to attract me? asks the tourist looking for sights a little beyond beaten paths. Just as much and more than many sections of the world teeming with tourists, might be the answer. Climatically, the country is an all-the-year resort, with summer in the lowlands and perpetual springtime in the highlands; over its mountains and along its swift and winding streams primitive man has left traces of workmanship that cause us to wonder at his ability; the quaint clatter of the two-wheeled oxcarts, often seen by scores as they meander along ancient highways, are animated pictures linking present and past; the peculiar and really inviting little hotel that has arisen from earthquake ruins at Cartago furnishes the visitor with a pleasant home from which to begin the horseback journey (six hours) to the crest of the volcano Irazu, there to stand entranced—gazing at will over Costa Rica's forest and plain to the world's greatest oceans stretching endlessly into space; the three-mile trolley trip from Cartago takes one to the famous Bella Vista springs, the temperature of which is 135 degrees F., and a recognized cure for rheumatism and a score of other ills; in San Jose the modern electric light shines on the museum with its precious relics as ancient as Rome herself; indeed, and in brief, Costa Rica is a country of scenic beauty with attractions peculiarly its own.

Costa Rica is still in the making; and one of the leading factors in this formative process is the little schoolhouse that dots the landscape. Formerly, poverty was a barrier that kept many native children away from school for want of proper clothing. Today the system of cheap uniforms for boys and girls leaves no class distinction; and the law of truancy is so rigidly enforced that practically every child in the land is attending school. Of public funds devoted to various departments of the government, the bureau of education receives one-half of the total amount.



GATHERING THE BANANAS

Bananas and Coffee.

Costa Rica's main artery of commerce is her transcontinental railroad from Limon, on the eastern shore, to Puntarenas on the Pacific, a distance of 172 miles. From the main trunk line there are various branches, which give the country a total of about 430 miles of railway.

Starting at Limon, a ride over the railway presents a series of tropical and mountain views the equal of which are difficult to find elsewhere. First, the train passes through lowland forests which appear to be impenetrable, and the traveler shudders to think of the trials and hardships of the engineers who pioneered their course through swamp and wilderness. At Siquirres, 36 miles from Limon, the tourist has time for a short walk, and here a busy scene presents itself if a ship happens to be waiting for cargo at Limon; the five railway tracks lying in front of the little station are holding five trains loaded with bananas, and each train is hauling many cars. Other trains are to be seen in the distance, truly reminding one that he is in "banana land."

As our train proceeds, we begin to note the changes that nature presents. Lowlands fade from view and mountain and river offer new sights. Onward and upward the train winds and climbs, and by early afternoon we are high up in the mountains where tropical heat is only a memory, and coats and wraps are called into service.

On reaching the coffee region the question arises, have you ever tested Costa Rican coffee? On the London market it is quoted at a higher rate than that of any other country of the American Mediterranean; this is saying much when we remember the many excellent grades of coffee that this section of the world supplies. Next to the banana industry, that of coffee growing occupies the most important place in the republic.

Natives Are Skilled Artisans.

Another feature of industry which the traveler is likely to notice and admire is the work of the native artisan. In detail the latter's handiwork is seen to advantage in many buildings, notably in the splendid granite theater in San Jose—an edifice that would be a credit to any country; in the new hydroelectric power installation on the Virilla river, about six miles from the capital, are to be seen many varieties of work of the skilled native laborer, in masonry, in ironwork, carpentry, bricklaying, cement construction, etc., all of which indicate that the trade schools have brought the lesson of modernity which, combined with ancient handicraft passed down from generation to generation, produce a structure of permanence, utility and beauty.

Music and flowers are to be enjoyed all over the country. In Limon, under royal palms and amid countless blossoms peculiar to the tropics, the military band in the evening draws the people to the central plaza; while among the promenaders may be counted the citizens of many nationalities.

DE RESZKE LIVES IN CELLAR

Famous Basso, Like the Rest of His Countrymen, Has Been Hard Hit by the War.

Edouard de Reszke, the noted Polish basso, for so many years familiar to grand opera audiences throughout America, is now living in a cellar in Poland. He has no fuel, no oil, no coffee, and has been reduced to a state of destitution as a result of the war. This information was given out by the American Polish relief committee. It came in a letter written by the basso to his brother, Jean de Reszke, the tenor.

"My poor brother!" said Jean de Reszke, "was unable to get away from the war zone in time. He wrote this letter several weeks ago, and now I fear he may never survive the terrible hardships. He had plenty of money and a splendid estate, but all were swept away."

"My dear brother," wrote Edouard, "whether this will ever get through the lines and reach you I do not know. I am sure no man could get through alive, with all this fighting and the continual bombardment on every hand.

"The war broke with such suddenness that it was impossible to escape. I was forced to remain here on my estate in Garnesk. This part of Poland has been reduced to worse than a desert. All is desolate, and everyone is suffering. My beautiful estate has met the common fate and been reduced to ashes. I am now living in a cellar with scanty covering. If a shell should drop in it would afford no protection. So fierce has been the fighting here that there have been days when I could not venture forth. We have been between two fires. All Poland needs relief.

"I have no coal, oil, coffee, and only a handful of grain left. Through the cold and the rain I have had but poor shelter, but my lot is the same as that of my fellow countrymen."

In every test made by Russian cavalrymen, horseshoes of aluminum were found to outlast those of steel and iron.

SEEING LIFE *with* JOHN HENRY

By George V. Hobart

John Henry On Poker Parties

SAY! did you ever take what little money you had and attend a Poker Party?

Well, in a moment of mental aberration I suggested the proposition to friend wife and she fell for it with loud screams of delight.

Poker parties would be all right if it were not for the fact that somebody has to lose. Not having an ear for music it annoys me to hear the boobs squeal.

But Peaches figured it out that she'd invite a small, congenial bunch and with a quarter limit it would be a 100 to 1 shot we could live through the evening without bloodshed.

Hep Hardy was first choice. Hep has two missions in life. One is to go to parties, and the other is saying "Good evening!" to bar-tenders.

Of course, Uncle Louis Miffendale was invited as was also Aunt Jessica Miffendale. These two relatives were wished on Peaches at birth—they are mine by marriage.

They are nice people, but any time they decide to go around the world for their health I'll be at the dock to see them off.

As my contribution to the kitty we invited Spud Dalrymple and his wife, Sybil.

Spud is a Wall Street broker but since the market went wrong some months ago he's been working for a living—paper hanging, I think, or maybe it's real estate.

Sybil used to be a chorus queen but she married Spud and recovered almost entirely.

Poker players, I've noticed, are divided into two classes: The Companions of the Cold Feet, and The Little Brothers of the Boost.

The Companions of the Cold Feet make the most money, but the Little Brothers of the Boost sing Glory Hallelujah and give an occasional squint at the scenery as they march on to the Poor House.

The first Jackpot was finally opened by Sam. We all stayed in and after the draw it was just beginning to look cheerful when Peaches exclaimed eagerly: "Oh, John, do Sixes beat Fulls?"

Everybody present dipped up a titter and the poor girl looked ready to faint.

"Sure!" I said, just to bring her back to earth.

You know, I like Peaches. She's a fine girl and a good wife but from the heart I say she plays poker like a Welsh rabbit, which is without form and void.

Peaches' poker procedure is full of hushed silences and dark surprises.

From a social point of view Peaches is the best fellow that ever drew cards, but with regard to the technicalities of poker she is what the ancient Greeks would call a Patricia Bolivar.

Sam bet his quarter and Hep Hardy raised him. Peaches was next and she hoisted them both to my painful surprise.

The rest of us took to our parachutes and dropped and so did Hep on the next lap.

Then Sam and Peaches began to talk back and forth at each other in sharp, terse terms, all of which meant money and I had to sit there and watch her being dragged to the shambles, powerless to help her.

Every time Sam peeped she was back at him with a raise.

I could see a whole month's household expenses traveling home in Sam's pocket.

I tried to give Peaches the bugle call to cease firing, but she never once came to the surface.

Sam had nearly all his checks set in and Peaches reached over and touched my stack for a handful.

The pot began to look like a picture entitled, "Rockefeller In The Safety Deposit Vaults."

Sam was breathing hard and pink spots began to appear on his forehead. His heart was "missing," like an excited carburetor.

I could almost hear him saying over and over to himself, "This is a sin and I hate to do it, but I need the money."

Presently, however, his chips were all in, so he repented and called Peaches.

As he did so he threw on the table a King full of Bullets and proceeded to cover the gate receipts with eager mitts.

"Pause!" said Peaches, ever so quietly. "Pause, Mr. Gibson—and walk slowly! I want to keep up with you!" and with that she spread her hand out on the table—four Sixes and a Seven Spot!

Sensation of being Stung for Samuel!

He smiled a sickly little smile, showed three discouraged teeth, and then for the rest of the evening gave an excellent imitation of a pre-occupied Clam.

Peaches the Bunco Kid! Did you get that, "John, do Sixes beat Fulls?" Isn't she a wonder, on the level!

I opened the next Jack and soon find myself out on the long trail all alone with Aunt Jessica.

She plodded along behind me till she had fourteen dollars in Bad Lands, then she sat down on an ice-hummock, removed her snowshoes and called me.

When I laid down Four Typewriters she called me again—but I'd hate to tell you what it was.

She had Four Deuces all the time and after the first bet she walked into one of those Maison's on Fifth Avenue and started to pick out a new gown.

On the second bet she selected a Worth creation with a slit skirt.

After the third bet she bought an opera cloak to go with it.

After the fourth bet she bade the Proprietor ring for a taxi and took her expensive purchases home herself.

Pretty soon came the awful awakening and she had to put everything back in the store.

I don't think Aunt Jessica will ever recover from the shock. She doesn't care anything more for money than you do for your right eye.


These Two Relations Were Wished on Peaches at Birth.

And then, to make matters more like a political afternoon in Mexico for the Miffendales, Hep Hardy with a diamond flush climbed the trellis work on the outskirts of Uncle Louis and gave him the gaff for eleven sawbucks.

It was a rough night at sea for the Miffendales.

Those two members in good standing in the ancient order of the Companions of the Cold Feet had to sit there all the rest of the evening, playing 'em close, trying to get their coin back—which they didn't.

The mills of the gods grind slow but once in a while they grind out something worth while.

When the company had gone I said to Peaches, "Where did you get that fourth Six and who taught you the game?"

"Oh," she chirped with a smile, "I just picked it up."

"Which," I said, "the game or the Six?"

She hasn't answered me yet.

That was a week ago.

"Anyway, I'm glad you don't belong to the Companions of the Cold Feet," I said to her as I swept the icicles away from the spot occupied by Uncle Louis.

"No," she came back at me, "I always play with my rubbers on."

"With the rubbers on," I echoed. "Right-O! and in poker that goes for the neck as well as the feet."


I Could Hear Him Saying Over and Over to Himself, "This Is a Sin and I Hate to Do It, but I Need the Money."

Senator Sorghum Explains.

"What is your reason for thinking your party ought to be successful next election?" "I didn't say it ought to be successful," replied Senator Sorghum firmly. "I said it is going to be."—Washington Star.